

Two Moons

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Two Moons

by [Problematic_Wesker_Stans](#)

Summary

Fleeing a dark and violent past, Hannibal Lecter settles in Two Moons, Alaska, hoping for a reprieve from the confines of his old life... and his biological role.

But Two Moons has other plans.

An Errant Piece of Property



If he knew one thing about Two Moons, Alaska, it was that the only cafe in town served the worst coffee he had ever tasted. He grimaced as he took a tentative sip, swallowing quickly. Acrid. Bitter. Reheated to boiling, in an attempt to mask the terrible flavor, no doubt. With any luck, he'd unearth his own machines by the following morning, and *Freddie's Coffee and Press* would be a mistake he wouldn't be forced to repeat. The local newspaper laid unread on the dining room table; he sincerely hoped that whoever Freddie was, they were a better journalist than barista, but he wasn't holding his breath.

His fingers drummed against the cheap styrofoam cup as he strolled through the shell of his nearly-finished kitchen. He ran his hand down the length of the center island, admiring the bold, heavy veins of the Calacatta marble. The piece had been cut exactly as he'd demanded: a stark white base, three inches thick, with its beautiful rough edge left perfectly intact. A deep steel sink was set into the center of the countertop, the polished stone on either side sloping gently to the basin. He sat the cup of stale coffee in it, lest he leave a ring on that unblemished marble, and then he turned his attention to the enormous refrigerator, set flush in a wall of endless cabinets.

He reached up, carefully peeling the sticky blue panels of protective film off the appliance. He crumpled the packing into a tight ball, and then opened the great double doors, smiling at the smell of its newness, its cavernous and pristine interior, its countless illuminated shelves. The electric hum of it washed over him with a blast of cold air; the prospect of filling it felt nearly holy.

Above him, he could hear the whirring of drills, the thud of heavy boots echoing through empty rooms. The air was still sharp with the scent of sawdust and wood stain. It would be another week, perhaps, before his home was finished - the last of the dry wall hung, the final coat of paint dry, every Moroccan tile placed and grouted.

If he was careful, it would be years before he'd have to disappear from this place, leaving behind whatever life he reinvented. He'd become something of a professional at dispatching outdated versions of himself, swapping one identity for another as easily as he changed his clothes. He was driven by necessity - it was only a matter of time before his... *faceless past* caught up with him.

He turned, his sharp gaze traveling to the bay window overlooking the lakefront stretch of property. He'd settled on this little town, in the far reaches of Southeastern Alaska, well before he'd purchased the acreage, but the fantastical view was what had drawn him to the strange, remote stretch of Two Moons. The way the water caught the early morning sun, the way the trees loomed in the cold, rolling mist, the way the mountains framed the lake... it was nearly perfect.

Nearly.

Just across the lake, shoehorned in a thicket of shaggy shore pines, someone, in the very distant past, had seen fit to build a hideous, derelict cabin. It was assembled entirely of what seemed to be untreated wood and crumbling white chinking, grown over with creeping, heavy moss. The sorry roof was really just a mess of old patched shingles and sloppy tar work. He'd assumed the cabin was abandoned when he first arrived, as ramshackle as it was. And the *yard* - just as unmanicured, a graveyard of oxidized boat engines, their rusted blades half-swallowed by regrettable patches of unkempt grass, like so many headstones. He'd already tried contacting the municipal court to lodge a request for condemnation - three times actually, to no avail. He'd finally been told, quite curtly, that the cabin was inhabited by a caretaker of the federal lands his new property abutted. Untouchable, unfortunately. A single - albeit *enormous* - eyesore on his otherwise picturesque view.

A year before, just as construction on his house had commenced, he'd seen a rowdy bunch of mismatched dogs running laps around the cabin, barking so maniacally the noise carried all the way to his drive. No owner in sight, nor a collar on any of the beasts' necks. He imagined a strongly-worded phone call to animal control would be necessary if he saw the dogs unleashed again.

Pack animals could not be trusted.

Canines, in particular.

He squinted, worrying his bottom lip, his eyes searching for any signs of life within the sad little house across the lake. But there was nothing that morning.

“Doctor?”

Hannibal turned to the voice. The chemical odor of mineral spirits floated down to him from where the foreman stood on the landing, wiping his hands with a rag. “You wanna take a look before we wrap up for the day?”

Hannibal smiled. “Yes. Of course. Thank you.”

He stepped through the automatic doors and felt warm air rush out past him into the chilly evening. He tugged a wipe out of a dispenser and chose a cart, mechanically sanitizing whatever he might touch.

The store seemed always to have no more than a handful of shoppers inside. It was cramped and quiet, with low music playing through the crackling speakers.

He began as he always did, walking a slow circle around the perimeter. He’d been pleasantly surprised by the range of good produce - he’d expected wilted leaves and bruised bananas. Instead, fresh apples, citrus fruits, and other lively vegetal scents fell over him like a fragrant fog. He breathed deeply, dragging it all in, relishing it, despite the dull of the infernal face mask.

He took his time examining the few heads of fennel on display, carefully selecting one with bright, feathery fronds and a heavy white bulb. His eyes roved over the mountains of oranges - cara cara from Brazil, navel from California, bagged clementines from Chile. No blood oranges. He sighed. They *were* out of season, he supposed. Dejected, he trailed his fingers over softball-sized grapefruits until he finally found two he deemed suitably ripe; they would have to do as substitute.

He weaved a wide arc around the clearance table, grimacing at the pile of heavily-processed baked goods - chocolate-flavored donuts and factory-made coffee cakes. He turned the corner to the tiny seafood counter, tucked against the back wall, flanked on either side by prepackaged deli meats and stale sliced cheeses.

For a town so close to the mouth of the gulf, the fish selection was dismally small. He stood several feet back from the counter, staring down at the ghostly haddock and chemically orange salmon filets. All of it looked as if it had been frozen and thawed, the scales shorn down to flabby gray skin, the meat pressed inartfully into mounds of chipped ice. He’d hoped, perhaps foolishly, for the promising glisten of newly-cut flesh, and a decent variety to choose from. He’d moved to Alaska, after all - a fishing mecca, by any measure. But the display before him was lifeless, repulsive... even beneath the flattering lights of the case.

He needed fresh sturgeon. He’d eaten the fish before, and plenty of its roe of course, but never had the opportunity to cook with it - as a species common to the region, it seemed the most fitting choice to christen his new kitchen.

He frowned at the young man behind the counter. "Excuse me."

"Yeah?" The clerk didn't look up. He was stacking imitation crab meat, running a tagging gun over the top of each can.

"I noticed you don't have any sturgeon available. Do you expect a shipment any time soon?"

"Sturgeon?" the clerk asked, his brow furrowing as he worked. "Nah. Not here. You'll have to catch that yourself."

Hannibal's jaw clenched, and he looked back down into the case. Perhaps he could make due with the salmon... something with a cream sauce, dill, capers, fingerling potatoes.

He began to reach for a package. Just as his fingertips brushed the plastic wrap, he froze.

A scent - sharp and rough and wild enough to shock him, burning his throat even through the fabric of the mask. He was frozen.

It had been over a year since he'd allowed himself to smell anything like it. The suppressants had done a remarkable job at blocking out the scent of any others he stumbled across, allowing him to live in some semblance of peace. He had made it a choice... it had been a *choice*. He'd begun tapering off the dose, only after the repeated assurances, the *promises* Gideon had made him, that Two Moons was a *perfectly human* town. Gideon, that *imbecile*... he'd sworn it.

By now, weeks into his move, the drug was nearly out of Hannibal's system. He could smell *them* again, and soon they would be able to smell *him*.

He was exposed.

He stiffened, straightening his spine, drawing his shoulders together. He stared blankly at the case, inhaling tentatively, wondering if it was only a strange side effect. An olfactory hallucination. He swallowed, unblinking, counting his own breaths. He inhaled deeply again, this time through his mouth, letting his breath carry over his hard palette, up to the vomeronasal cavity. He would allow his own biology to suss it out.

He very nearly choked on it, forced to clear his rapidly constricting throat behind the face mask.

It was there, most definitely. Potent, unmistakable, polluting the air somewhere behind him. An absolute.

"Sir?" The clerk sounded concerned. "You need to sit down or something?"

Every cell, every molecule in his body seemed stalled. *Don't turn*. He felt his heart hammering against his ribcage, sweat slicking his palms. *Don't move*.

He heard the squeak of a boot on the linoleum tile. They were very close now, close enough to know they were male, unaltered, their unique biochemistry saturating everything around them.

It was rude - *incredibly* rude - not to mask *it*, that noxious and arrogant stench. Most of *them* did something to cover it - biological cologne, counter pheromones, hormonal depressants... there were a plethora of options, and yet this *one* didn't believe he should have to—

“Hey Will.” The clerk looked over Hannibal's shoulder, jerking his chin up in greeting.

“Randy... How are you?” The voice didn't match. It was soft, unassuming - not at all what Hannibal had come to associate with alphas. If it weren't for the damned smell that was suffocating him like a strangling vine, he would never have suspected a thing.

“My mom wanted me to ask if you could watch that dumbass dog.” The clerk continued tagging the cans, pausing only to gauge if Hannibal reacted to his cursing.

“Yeah. Bring him by. This weekend?” The voice again, kind and weak. A farce, most certainly.

“Saturday, she said.”

“Sounds good.”

Every hint of movement had Hannibal on edge. The rustle of clothing. The crinkle of cellophane as the wolf behind him reached for something on a nearby endcap. Hannibal stared down at his hands, urging them not to shake. He watched them until he heard the squeak of leather boots again, the sound of footsteps retreating down the next aisle.

“Will, wait a sec,” the clerk said, as if remembering something.

Hannibal glanced up. The clerk smiled amiably, dumbly.

“You wanted sturgeon, right? This guy knows--”

“Unnecessary, thank you,” Hannibal snapped, his voice suddenly hoarse. He tossed the plastic-wrapped salmon into the cart and turned away, in the opposite direction of the other wolf.

The cashier swiped the package of fish across the scanner for the third time.

“These never scan right,” she muttered, clumsily handling the salmon. She pulled the plastic taut, running the barcode over the illuminated glass once again. And then once more.

Hannibal sighed heavily, a headache threatening just behind his eyes. The store felt agonizingly, claustrophobically small. Every sound around him was horribly amplified - cart wheels squeaking, pallets scraping against the tile, muffled conversations carrying through the aisles.

And finally, the register's lethargic beep as the salmon went through.

The girl reached for the bottle of Pernod next. She pulled a face as she looked it over, examining the label. Seconds passed as she played with his groceries, and it felt like hours.

He stared at her nametag, pinned just above the embroidered logo on her faded polo: *Abigail*.

A very plain name for a very plain girl.

“I’ve never actually seen anybody buy this,” she said, turning back to the register. “What’s it taste like?”

“You’re a bit young to concern yourself with that, aren’t you?” His mouth set to a tense, tight line. He looked around, pensively.

Another customer was approaching, carrying a basket of groceries. He was short and slightly built. Dark and disheveled curls sprang wildly from his head, and an ill-fitting pair of tortoiseshell glasses were perched over his black face mask. He stopped several feet behind Hannibal, on the little piece of blue tape that marked a safe distance between patrons. Hannibal watched him from the corner of his eye; the man was trying to open a carton of eggs with one hand as he balanced the basket with the other.

It was going about as well as could be expected.

Hannibal turned back to the cashier, the tension in his shoulders easing ever so slightly as he waited for the inevitable sound of an egg breaking on the scuffed floor. He focused on the girl again, still fussing with the bottle, and then he reached up to adjust his own mask.

A rush of cool air filtered through the fabric...so too did the undeniable *scent* of the other wolf.

“Hi Will!” Hannibal could almost hear the girl’s sickening smile behind her mask.

“Hey Abby,” came the reply in that unnaturally kind and quiet voice.

Will.

“Can I see your I.D.?” the girl asked then, her enormous blue eyes gazing up at Hannibal.

“Pardon?” he almost stammered.

“Your I.D. For the booze,” she said.

“The *booze*?” He paused, guffawing. “I’m... absolutely older than twenty-one,” he snarled.

The girl blanched and he could almost feel the fluttering of her terrified heart. “I know, I’m sorry. Sorry.” She apologized reflexively, leaning back. “It’s--” she gestured to the register. “I have to enter a birthdate.”

“Unbelievable,” he whispered, as he fumbled for his wallet. He flipped it open, shoving the I.D. at the girl. She blinked, seemingly dumbfounded, then squinted down at it.

“It’s so weird, reading these from other states,” she muttered. Every second seemed to stretch on endlessly, every infuriating movement she made seemed designed to trap him there, standing mere feet from the strange alpha.

“The year of my birth was 1972,” Hannibal said flatly, working hard to keep the rising fear out of his voice.

A bubble of nervous laughter erupted from the girl as he folded the wallet. “Yep... yeah. Got it now, Mr. Lecter,” she said, turning to the register and keying it in.

His heart thundered in his chest as he worked the wallet into his back pocket. He swallowed against the lump in his throat. She had said his name, *aloud*, the ridiculous girl with empty saucer eyes. She’d said his name in front of *him*.

It was out, and there was nothing he could do to remedy it without drawing further attention.

He adjusted his mask again, feeling very short of breath. His hand fell to his throat, an unfortunate tick when he was under duress. His fingers searched anxiously for the incriminating marks. The skin was smooth there, his traitorous beard refusing to grow over the puckered and shining flesh. A constant, haunting reminder.

Of who he was... *what* he was.

An *errant* piece of property.

He dropped his hand as if his own skin had burned him, and then he yanked his collar up higher, high enough so that the other wolf would not see.

Slowly, chin down, he sneaked a glance behind him.

He was met by a pair of startling grey-green eyes. Watching him, watching the path of his trembling hand as he lowered it from his collar--

“You’re building that big place on Stag Lake, right?” the girl chirped.

The twisting, icy panic stabbed deeper into his chest. He cleared his throat, feeling sweat break out on his back.

“Excuse me?” he asked, his voice cracking. He heard the other wolf shift uneasily.

“There was, like, *a whole page* about it in the paper today. Or really about *you*, I guess.” She cheerfully bagged his groceries as she chattered on. “That’ll be \$76.98.”

June 2, 2021

Two Moons Welcomes Its Newest Neighbor

Editorial by Freddie Lounds

(Opinions expressed in this article may not reflect the views of Two Moon Press)

There was a disclaimer. A disclaimer, in what appeared to be a newspaper printed in Freddie Lounds’s garage.

In January of 2020, Dr. Hannibal Lecter outbid Mrs. Ellen Komeda for a large tract of undeveloped land on the southwest side of Stag Lake. The county clerk recorded the sale of the property to the tune of a humble \$576,500. Mrs. Komeda, in an exclusive statement to Two Moon Press, relayed how “disappointed and saddened” she was by the purchase of such rare acreage to “an outsider”.

The Doctor himself is something of a mystery. A titled native of Lithuania, much of his adult life is obscured; his online presence, aside from his private psychiatry and cognitive behavioral therapy practice, is non-existent. He studied at Johns-Hopkins and had a brief residency at a hospital in Baltimore, Maryland before jetting off to Florence (yes, that Florence) and--

Teeth grinding, he skipped the sordid and gappy biography of his public life.

Regardless of how we might personally feel about Dr. Hannibal Lecter’s very austere and modern house on Stag Lake, we welcome him to Two Moons and look forward to meeting the newest member of our family.

He stared down at the picture. His headshot, in grainy black and white. It had been lifted directly from his practice’s website, not even bothering to crop out the photographer’s watermark.

He closed his eyes, tossing the paper back down on the table. Any hope of reinventing himself had been torn to shreds by this *Freddie Lounds*, before he had even had a chance to sleep in his new bed.

He took slow, steadying breaths, desperately trying to rein in his scattered, scrambling thoughts. Perhaps the damage was relatively... *controlled*. He doubted anyone searching for him would get their hands on a copy of the paper. But if any of his pursuers were scouring the internet, using some sort of reverse lookup of his image, it would be very easy to pinpoint his location now...

Between this sudden exposure and the unaccounted-for alpha in the store, the idea of settling in Two Moons was becoming less feasible by the moment.

He imagined he had a few weeks. Maybe less. Time enough to hatch another plan, at least. Another location. Another headache - moving money, transferring property, a new name, waiting for Gideon to put all the pieces into place and scrub this little *mistake* clean. He could leave on short notice, if it came to that. Abandon the house to his vultures; it would be next to worthless to them. One more insult in a litany of affronts and abuses.

He sank into one of the high-backed chairs, still covered with white drop cloth. He looked around the formal dining room, with its empty walls like blank canvases, and he sighed.

He was tired.

Perhaps Mason would catch him this time.

Traditional Values Necessary

Chapter Notes

Hi all!

Thank you so much for the comments and kudos on our first chapter. We appreciate it more than you can know! We're very new the Hannibal fandom, and we hope we're doing Everyone's Favorite Cannibal justice. We're going to try to update much more frequently, and to balance that with our work in the Resident Evil fandom, we'll be keeping chapters a bit shorter.

Thank you again, and we hope enjoy this next chapter was worth the wait! Please let us know what you think!

slt & Charmsfly



May, 2000.

Castle Lecter, Vilnius, Lithuania.

His skin felt tight beneath the layer of dried ink.

The room was dim and drafty, and he listened as the attendants spoke his mother tongue in hushed whispers, bending to snap straight the hem of his trousers or quickly adjust the collar of his fine linen shirt. He hardly glanced in the full-length mirror, instead staring down at the intricate patterns painted on his hands. Blood-red ink caught the low firelight and cast off a burnished glow, the symbols shimmering as he flexed his fingers and clenched his hand to a fist.

Wunjo and *Laguz*. Binding joy. Love and unity.

"It is not too late, Hannibal." Lady Murasaki spoke to him gently in English.

He looked up, meeting her eyes in the mirror. "Have you reconsidered then?"

She blinked, but did not waver. "It would be improper," she said, her voice still soft and mild, even as her cruel words echoed in his skull. *Improper* that one should mate with his relative's widow. *Improper* that two of a kind should lay together. *Improper* to fall in love with a man half her age.

He swallowed and tore his gaze away from her reflection. He scoffed and it felt very much like a well-disguised sob. He ran a trembling hand over his sleeve to settle creases that did not exist.

"You have always been your own," Murasaki said.

It was the same argument - one she had made over and over, year after year. Hannibal sighed, adjusting a jeweled cufflink.

Chiyoh appeared in the doorway, fourteen and flushed with excitement and fear, carrying the red veil reverently in her small hands. He looked up and gestured for her to come to him.

"To be taken as a mate is to surrender your freedom," Murasaki continued.

"She is an American... and I will be one as well," he said as he busied his fingers with an ivory button. "Gender relations are different there. Equitable."

Murasaki didn't respond - she simply watched, still as a statue, when Chiyoh began dressing him in the veil. It was an old elaborate thing, long and lovely, weighted with tradition and embroidered with more runes meant to ensure a happy union. Chiyoh worked swiftly, securing it into place as he had shown her the day before. The veil obscured his world behind a deep red haze of fabric. It spilled heavily across his shoulders as she adjusted it, dropping nearly to the floor despite his height.

He expected Murasaki to push the issue further - the time to mend each other's heart-wounds was coming to a close. But she was very quiet. The fabric of the veil rustled and rasped against his attire, brushing over his nose. The fire crackled and a log popped in the hearth. He watched, as best he could, when Murasaki finally rose from her seat in the tattered wing-backed chair, heading towards the door.

"*Mano širdie*," he whispered, the words rushing out before he could stop them.

Lady Murasaki waited, her pale hand on the plastered wall.

“We could be happy,” he said. A final plea. A last prayer.

She stared at him with watery, tired eyes, her lips drawn in a quivering smile. She shook her head sadly.

He turned away then, under the red veil.

When Bedelia du Maurier lifted that same veil, and they saw each other for the very first time... he felt as if he was looking into an undisturbed pool, with a surface as smooth and still as glass. He saw himself in her upturned face, in her strange and impassive green eyes.

She was exactly as he'd imagined she would be. Her beauty was classic and refined, elegant and cool, but there was a hard sharpness to her. The regal angles of her face were nearly severe, and her cutting gaze, the tight, careful purse of her lips, demanded distance.

She was as untouchable as he could ever hope to be.

He thought then... that they might come to fall in love, despite the impersonal nature of their matchmaking.

Attractive and independently wealthy American Alpha female, of child-bearing age, seeking an Omegan male of robust and documented heritage, aged 25 to 40. Never mated, no offspring preferred. Education level negotiable. Must be willing to become a U.S. citizen. Traditional values necessary.

He had almost smiled, returning to read the proposition over and over. Arrogant, surely, but not beyond proof. *Robust and documented heritage* was an indiscreet but polite way of saying she sought a rich, Old World mate - he admired bold honesty above all other qualities but *aesthete*.

Perhaps... he had thought.

And within a month of near-constant contact with Dr. Bedelia du Maurier, an up-and-coming American psychiatrist, Hannibal's *perhaps* had become a *yes*.

August, 2012.

Baltimore, Maryland, US.

The examination room was silent save for the hum of lights and the rustle of fabric as he pulled his jacket back on.

He straightened the arms and smoothed down the hem. He ran his fingertips under the collar, making sure it was in place. He fastened the fly of his pants before he took one final look around the room - sterile and unremarkable, with slate-gray walls and an examination table covered in now-crumpled paper. His footsteps echoed on the tile as he made his way through

the door, down the long hall of Dr. Romani's practice. It was dimly lit, not at all like the busy gynecology office it was during daylight hours. Romani was a renowned doctor in Baltimore - and one of the few who worked with Omegas, opening his practice after hours to see patients.

The door to the consultation room was open. Bedelia already sat inside, her reticent gaze locked on the window, though the curtains were drawn. Hannibal took a seat in the chair at her side, and the two of them were silent. The clock on the wall ticked steadily as they waited for Dr. Romani to return with the results of the labs.

They had tried - and failed - to conceive for three years now, in spite of the care they took tracking fertility and calculating every attempt. And in those three years, Bedelia's frustrations had grown tremendously.

Sitting beside him now, she let out a low, heavy sigh. She glanced at the watch on her wrist, as though it might be different than the clock behind the desk. She turned back to the closed window, pointedly looking anywhere she could, as long as it wasn't in Hannibal's direction.

When the doctor finally knocked twice on the still-open door, she sat up a bit straighter, watching as he took his place behind the desk. He sat, framed by his enormous leather chair; he scooted closer to his desk, once, and then again. The hair on the back of Hannibal's neck stood on end.

Dr. Romani opened his mouth. He closed it again, searching for seemingly cumbersome words. He slid a copy of the results towards them and cleared his throat, his eyes sympathetic as he looked at them both.

Though she was horribly silent in the car, he could feel the anger just beneath her alabaster skin, roiling like a late summer storm.

Her moods were perfectly predictable. She was hurt now - her pride wounded, her ego bruised at the thought of some fault in *her* biology. And so she was sullen, balking quietly, but as she sat there brooding, watching the street lights flicker by, blistering rage was clawing its way through her bit by bit. It caused her jaw to clench a bit, and her eyes to narrow, and her lips to tighten to a thin, pink line.

He crawled to a stop at a traffic light. The city roads were nearly deserted just after the last of rush hour. The Bently's turn signal clicked softly, and she tapped her index finger against her thigh, following its staccato rhythm.

Agitated. Distressed.

This was not a development she'd foreseen. And obviously one she wasn't prepared to accept without making them both miserable.

"Perhaps we should discuss this," he said at last, as he turned down a wide street lined with sycamores. The houses, with their well-manicured lawns and lovely sprawling porches, were closed up and quiet now, as families sat down to dinners prepared by private chefs.

She said nothing.

"We only have ourselves to blame, I suppose." He heard the leather of the passenger seat squeak as she shifted, turning towards him. "If we had been less concerned with growing your practice...more focused on beginning our family..."

He could feel her eyes on him. They were cold, terribly cold.

"It is not yet an impossibility. I am still capable of siring... or carrying," he said.

His offer hung between them, awkward, unwelcome. He reached for her hand, lightly squeezing it. Her fingers were limp in his.

"I could perhaps... pursue that option for us," he continued softly. "We could pursue it together, Bedelia."

He counted the seconds of silence. Though she always tried, she could only let the bitterness fester for so long before she ripped the dressings from the wound, revealing it to him.

He made it to six before she spoke, her hand slipping carefully, smoothly from his.

"I'd prefer that you address me with appropriate respect from now on," she said, in a voice that was equal parts hollow and hardened. "Especially in front of my peers."

Her peers. Her tone left no room for questions. He glanced at her from the corner of his eye, expecting a piercing glare, a show of her anger which she would be regretful of later, in the dark of their bedroom, when she would slither up his body as apology. But she had turned towards the window. She sat with her shoulders drawn back, her hands in her lap, unmoving. She sniffed lightly.

She had retreated back into her role, as tradition dictated, and turned to ice in the passenger seat.

Hannibal pulled their car into the driveway.

"Yes, Alpha," he said, and not another word for the rest of the night.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!